





FROM THE JOURNAL OF
JEREMIAH COVENANT

LIZBETH	2
AARON	14
BETHANY	24
AMBROSE	33
JEREMIAH	44



LIZBETH

2 February 1919

In her birth, there was also death.

I recall Lizbeth's birth, when our poor mother, Evaline, perished in the midwife's blood-soaked arms. The four of us, huddled together in father's library, heard the cries of our newborn sister interspersed with father's howling lamentations.

4 February 1919

Had she not died four years ago, Lizbeth would have been twenty-four years old on

this day. Wasting was what the doctors scrawled on the death certificate.

On the day she slipped from mother's dying womb, Lizbeth was marked with more than the curious beauty spot on her cheek. For father, she became an unutterable symbol of the family's cursed history. Before the blood-caked bedding had even been thrown into the incinerator, the midwife was back in town recounting a new chapter in the book of Covenant rumors.

Father never openly said so, but we could always sense something different, something very distant about him when he talked about Lizbeth. To all outward appearances, he treated all of us children the same. We always knew, though, that with Lizbeth it was different.

One thing is certain. Gazing upon her, father couldn't help but think back to mother. For Lizbeth, you must understand, had mother's grey eyes.

2 April 1919

Such a radiant blossom in youth, Lizbeth wilted rapidly after returning home from London. Always known as something of a poetic soul, she spent her last days wandering alone in the family mausoleum. Instead of polite gatherings of fashionable big city society, her audience became the skeletal remains of our ancestors. It seemed to me as if she wanted to become as familiar as possible with the crypt's inhabitants before her time came to join them.

By reading certain poems, Lizbeth once confided to me, she could feel closer to the departed.

23 May 1919

Cancer. Insidious worming cancer. I dream of the disease invading my body like a migrating murder of carrion crows. And if I'm not dreaming of the disease, I'm dreaming of the curse... of siblings at odds with their destiny. I envision Ambrose flashing his criminal smirk while

wielding with executioner-like acumen his
bloodstained axe. And, I dream of
Lizbeth, fangs fully bared, clawing at me
with fingernails more treacherous than an
assassin's blade.

Is this cancer a curse? Or, is the curse a
cancer? In my dreams, they both flow
through me as sand through an hourglass.

13 July 1919

With a future so unkind poised to embrace
me, I can't help but ruminate on the past.
Our early youth, spent tramping over the
Estate, was mostly carefree, or so I recall.
And yet after that day of the ritual, it all
changed. From the instant we spoke the
cursed words, I knew we couldn't go back.

I remember the day father announced we
wouldn't be returning to school. More
resigned than angry, he seemed receptive to
the fact that we were different from the
other children. It was only much later
that he realized how different.

17 August 1919

Lizbeth was the beautiful one. In school, the teachers doted on her. At home, the nannies argued over which one would bathe and dress her.

Later, of course, it all changed. She developed the particularly nasty habit of biting. At first, the nannies would laugh at her playful teething. The fun stopped, however, when one day she drew blood and appeared to revel at its taste.



7 December 1919

Lizbeth was always obsessive when it came to reading. She typically was fond of finding one author and reading everything she could locate by him. If she truly enjoyed a particular book, she'd latch onto it and read it over and over. For a long period, for instance, she lived in the circles of Dante's Inferno.

During her London years, she grew fond of obscure writings. Scouring the Bloomsbury shops, she'd hunt for rare Druidic text, riddles and dark incantations.

After returning to the Covenant Estate, she spent much time, while still ambulatory that is, reading in the mausoleum. Flushed mumbling and whispered chants filled the cold air. No one knows what happened to her books when she died.

2 January 1921

It wasn't long after her death that the manifestations first came to my attention. While shaping the hedgerow, the old gardener said he was startled by a fluttering presence across the field. He moved toward the apparition but it disappeared. He swore to me that it was Lizabeth. Others on the staff laughed at his claims, and the head butler explained it quite simply. "It's the drink, sir." But I'm not so sure.

13 January 1921

I overheard the maids in the pantry, whispering gossip while polishing silver.

"Many nights I've seen her from afar," said one, "and I'm absolutely certain . . . it's her. I know it is."

"How can you be sure though?" asked the other.

"I knew that girl from the day she was born. That's how. Without a mother to

hold her, and her father locked away in the library at all hours. I nearly raised the girl myself. You don't know someone like that and not feel her presence . . . no matter how tainted it may be."

23 February 1921

Aaron, by far the most artistic of my siblings, painted a series of bizarre portraits during his last months. The colors were unlike any he'd used before.

Indeed, it seemed as if he'd discovered a new palette of bright but strangely muted shades. Previously, his fantastical creatures had existed in dark and utterly gloom-filled atmospheres. In these paintings, however, the placement of creatures in bright new worlds strikes me as doubly horrible. I'm not sure what led me to hang these paintings in the house. It's as if I can't help myself.

I'm drawn in particular to one painting, which depicts a sitting man with a bird's head. Something about the birdman's pose

reminds me of the markings on an Egyptian sarcophagus. The most striking feature, though, are the hands, which resemble pitchforks with long, blood-red tines.

There's something eerily peaceful about this work, as if all is calm with the creature at present, but at any instant he might impale you with those pitchfork hands. I really don't know why, but Aaron called this piece Lizbeth's Bird of Prey.

13 March 1921

Another manifestation was reported today, this time from one of my most trusted maids. When asked how she could be certain it was Lizbeth, the quaking maid answered, "The eyes, sir, it's the eyes."

Indeed, her eyes must be the only aspect recalling my sister's once-glorious demeanor. Like others, the maid went on to describe an apparition of utter terror. She spoke of blood on my sister's gown, on her face, and on her hands. She didn't say "hands" though, did she? "Claws" is the word she used.

23 March 1921

It began as a low-pitched rumbling sound far off in the distance. I might have thought it was an earth tremor if the house were shaking. Everything, though, was eerily still. As the noise increased in pitch it also seemed to grow closer, and if I weren't so often choked with medication, I might say that a presence also crept closer as the noise grew louder. I sat up in bed waiting for the source of the din to manifest itself. Instead, the presence seemed to settle in the room beneath me.

There was absolute quiet for an instant, followed by an infernal howling and rapid scratching sounds, like a pack of hounds clawing and gouging their way up through the floor to devour me in my bed.

In the morning I examined the room below, fully expecting the ceiling panels to be shredded and splintered. Instead, they shone as clean as vulture-picked bone.

While I stared at the ceiling, a maid walked in. Undoubtedly, the staff has

become accustomed to my eccentricities. When I questioned her about whether or not she'd heard anything the previous night, her response was curious.

"Nothing we haven't heard before, sir."



17 August 1921

For longer periods now I remain in bed. When I sleep, I dream of waking with a healthy body. Then I open my eyes,

stirring feebly and feeling worse than the day before.

8 January 1922.

Lately I've been thinking more often of Patrick Galloway. Perhaps he can assist me. During the war he was an extremely resourceful fellow. And, based on what I've heard of his exploits in recent years, I have a feeling he may be useful to my plight. Best of all, if I'm not mistaken, he remains committed to repaying his life debt.

23 October 1922.

My condition worsens and I'll soon be wasted down to nothing. Hastening toward the afterlife, and to the inevitable family reunion, I fully realize now that I do need assistance before my time comes. Thus, the letter is sent. My only hope is that Galloway answers in time.



AARON

27 February 1919

When he disappeared last year it was, in a sense, a relief. After so many years of depression, Aaron had become a strain on the family. While I was away at war, Bethany wrote me countless letters expressing her worry over his situation. In the end, his manic states proved too much to overcome.

12 March 1919

Aaron always traveled a dark course. He searched to find things that had never before been seen and then he went

about painting these unreal visions. He was not an untalented painter, and over time he gathered something of a following. The people who attached to him, though, didn't see what he really painted. They couldn't. Instead, they perceived what they wanted to see, interpreting his apocalyptic visions as commentary on the war.

Of the ghostly figures populating his settings, the commentators spoke in awe of my brother's "trenchant depictions of our decayed society, flitting through the grand ballrooms while bombs burst on the front." It was quite absurd really, but not surprising that these critics and commentators missed something that we knew. Far from being surreal representations of the world, Aaron's paintings were real landscapes for him. Likewise, the ghoulish characters residing in his work were just as palpable. Some would argue that this world existed in his head alone. Knowing now what I do of our beloved Covenant Estate, I'm not so sure about that.

9 January 1920

I really don't know what went on here between Bethany and Aaron while I was away. I found out recently that there came to pass a time when they believed they were the only remaining Covenants. With Lizbeth dead, Ambrose missing and presumed dead, and my letters from the front diverted to locations unknown, the twins believed it was time to settle the Estate between them.

That's what they were up to then, when Aaron disappeared. Bethany described herself as inconsolable over the loss of her twin brother. Only my unexpected return from the war restored her spirits, or so she tells me.

22 August 1920

Sometimes when I venture into the cellar I feel as if I can hear Aaron whispering my name. Maybe it's because he used to spend so much time down there, though I don't know what he found of interest in that damp place.



2, September 1920

Another letter came today. Since my return, a week hasn't gone by without some claim arriving in the post. Funny how some of these fellows can be quite cordial, even gentlemanly, in their demands, while others are more hostile. It seems as if my brother was supporting more than a few gamblers with his diversion. Bethany claimed that he had sworn off gambling in his last months, but that is certainly not the impression I get from these letters. I wonder if my dear sister is hiding something from me. Is she trying to protect the legacy of her artistic twin, or is there some other reason for her to mislead me in this matter?

30 December 1920

Aaron began painting very early in life—soon, in fact, after our fateful night at the Standing Stones. At first, he honed his art by painting traditional subjects, mostly landscapes with cows if my recollection serves correctly. Father praised his talent and encouraged him to pursue his artistic inclination. After some time, though, we all wondered about his well-being, especially when he painted detailed battlefield scenes. I've witnessed my share of warfare, but nothing so carnage-filled as his depictions.

12 January 1921

I sent the butler to fetch me a bottle of Spanish wine in the cellar. He didn't return for quite some time, but when he did he was visibly shaken.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said.

"What is it? Why didn't you bring the wine?"

"There's something, sir. Something down there. I can't go back." There were tears in the man's eyes.

"Something in the cellar?" I asked. "What on earth do you mean, man?"

"Sir, I don't know. I grabbed the bottle you requested, but it felt as if someone was pulling on the other end. When I tugged, it tugged back. And when I looked, there was nothing there. But there was something. I could feel it."

I went to the cellar and retrieved the bottle without incident.

12 March 1921

I learned recently from one of the maids that Aaron and Bethany engaged in venomous arguments in the days leading up to his disappearance. One particularly bad argument ended when Aaron hurled a candelabra at Bethany. She was able to avoid it, but not the hot wax that splattered in her hair. The maid remembers hearing Bethany's words as she left the studio.

*"My vengeance will be swift, brother, but
your suffering will linger."*



11 May 1921

*Throughout our school years—before father
took us out of the system—we were always
considered a bit odd. The other children
constantly mocked us for being different.*

*I remember reading aloud in class from
Macheth. Our instructor began to speak of
the scene with the three witches, referring*

to them as a "coven." Terry O' Leary, one of the nastiest boys in the class, asked if a "coven" was the same as a "Covenant". I can still remember the titters in the classroom.

27 July 1921

Again, more reports of loud noises coming from the cellar. There's only one maid now who'll venture down there, and only when I bribe her with extra wages.

When she descends into the cellar, the others huddle around at the top of the stairs and wish her well as if she's setting out to explore the earth's core.

3 October 1921

I spent the afternoon sifting through Aaron's paintings, sitting in his studio, as chilled as any draught-filled Left Bank garret. I envision the artist working for hours creating the landscapes of his imagination.

When younger, Aaron would travel the countryside in search of subjects to paint.

Toward the end, he stayed in his room for days at a time, stopping just long enough to replenish his pipe and nibble the barest fare.

He entered a truly unique fantasy world, and his admirers have compared his phantasmagoric realms and creatures to those depicted in the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch. But that's not really a fair comparison to either artist. Yes, both painters delighted in creating worlds unimaginable and populating them with inhabitants not of this earth. Beyond the most superficial comparisons, however, the similarities cease. Aaron's visions are typically much darker—more visceral. If I were to compare him to another painter it might be the lesser known Salvatore Rosa. In some of the Italian painter's blackest paintings, there is an air of misery comparable to the bleak mystery of Aaron's best canvases.

23 November 1921

I'll never know what really went on between Bethany and Aaron in the days leading up to his disappearance. Of course, I've heard the rumors, but the townspeople are bound to say anything as an excuse to send the constable knocking on my door.

Still, I know now that something dark occurred. Aaron was in no state to simply walk away from his art or from the seclusion of the Estate. Indeed, his creditors were many, but I don't believe they were the sort who would seek flesh as repayment.

23 October 1922

My condition worsens and I'll soon be wasted down to nothing. Hastening toward the afterlife, and to the inevitable family reunion, I fully realize now that I do need assistance before my time comes. Thus, the letter is sent. My only hope is that Galloway answers in time.



BETHANY

5 February 1919

I was always fond of Bethany when we were young. Of all my dear brothers and sisters, she was the one most similar to me in temperament. Growing up on the Estate, both of us were extremely inquisitive, always asking questions and searching for more knowledge. Many late nights we spent burning the candle in father's library. Though we were close in many ways, Bethany was always very guarded about what she read. If truth were told, however, I was too.

We've drifted far apart since those days.

23 February 1919

I'm not sure what Bethany does all day in her greenhouse. It's strange she spends so much time tending her plants—she never seemed the nurturing sort to me.

25 February 1919

She comes and goes without saying much of anything, residing exclusively in the cottage now . . . when she's not spending time with her plants or off on one of her excursions, that is.

While she was away on a recent jaunt to London, I attempted to force my way into her greenhouse. Pausing outside the doorway, I felt as if someone or something was watching my every step. I turned the doorknob, but the door wouldn't budge. When I pushed against the door, it felt as if someone was leaning against it to prevent my entrance. Foolish, I know, since no one besides Bethany goes into that dreary hothouse.

18 March 1919

Each of my siblings responded differently after the ritual. Aaron, for instance, wallowed deeper and deeper in his loneliness, finding solace only within his art. Bethany, though, was just the opposite. From the start, she wanted more—more knowledge and more power.



13 September 1919

I asked Bethany if I could accompany her on her ride today. Though the doctor says I shouldn't strain myself, I wanted to see where she goes on these excursions through the woods. It didn't matter though, since she dismissed my request with all the insolence of a spoiled whelp.

Father was the only person she really showed any respect for. After his death, Bethany spent more and more time with hermits and scholarly ancients. Lately, she's been consulting the noted occultist, Count Otto Keisinger.

1 December 1919

The hourglass drains at a maddeningly uncertain pace. Whether half empty or siewing downward to the last grain of sand, the doctors won't prognosticate. Five months, they offer, or five years. "It's hard to say," they drone, urging me to rest while plying me with more medicines. I don't feel much confidence in these doctors, as they are the same bland fellows who treated Lizbeth into the grave.

12. December 1919

I confronted Bethany this morning and demanded to know what she was up to with Keisinger. She laughed with all the brazenness of a smock-alley harlot before turning her back and strutting away. Hard to believe that there was once a time she treated me with respect. Conspire with him as she may, it'll do her little good. In the end, somehow, I will have the final say.

24 December 1919

It's been years since we've celebrated the holiday season at this house. Still, the cook will prepare a grand feast and I'll sit alone in the dining hall, toasting memories of my dead and long forgotten ancestors. To father, I'll raise my glass and praise him wholeheartedly for providing us with such a baneful existence. Through him we gained access to the forbidden knowledge that would forever shape the Covenant destiny. Looking back, I now wonder if it wasn't fortuitous that mother perished giving birth to Elizabeth. At least she was

*spared the agony of watching her
offspring succumb one by one to this
infernal curse.*

*And, of course, I'll toast each of my
departed siblings. To your health, dear
brothers and sisters, wherever you may be.*



20 April 1920

*I could spend the rest of my life—though
that might not be the best gauge of
time—looking through father's books and
other papers and never get to the bottom of
what's strewn about this house. There
may have been order at one point, but since
father's death, no one has bothered to care for*

anything. Though I do know Bethany took a number of ancient books to her cottage.

2 June 1920

I found a notebook in the library. "Eternal Autumn" was scribbled across its cover. I recognize the scrawl as Bethany's. All of the pages have been ripped from the book.

19 August 1920

After paying another visit to the greenhouse, I grow more convinced that Bethany is cultivating some nefarious plot. I put my boot to the door, demanding she let me in. Her laughter, loaded with spite, mocked my attempt to gain entrance. She knows only too well that I'm too weak to pay off on any threats to break through the door.

She whispered to another, but I couldn't make out the stranger's voice. Perhaps Keisinger is with her? Or another of her mentors?

"Leave us, Jeremiah. Conserve what little strength remains."

At this point, I'm in no condition to confront my sister. Retribution must wait.

7 January 1921

Yesterday, Keisinger carried Bethany's corpse into the drawing room. He seemed appropriately mournful, speaking very little and revealing nothing at all about how she died. How has it come to pass that he should be the one to carry her lifeless body home?

1 September 1921

I found an old photograph of my wartime companion, Patrick Galloway. Hard to believe he's been exiled—such a good lad in the war. Even though I was his commanding officer, I felt a strong kinship with Galloway, and our bond grew exceedingly strong after the night of the Trsanti raid. It came to pass that he felt as if he owed his life to me.

Prior to his hasty departure for the continent Galloway had built a sterling reputation. Of course, that was before that grisly business at the Rock of Cashel nearly ruined him. But the Galloway I knew could never have been so bloodthirsty or so utterly ruthless ... unless he had good cause.

Perhaps he could be of service to his old, dying commanding officer.

23 October 1922

My condition worsens and I'll soon be wasted down to nothing. Hastening toward the afterlife, and to the inevitable family reunion, I fully realize now that I do need assistance before my time comes.

Thus, the letter is sent. My only hope is that Galloway answers in time.



AMBROSE

18 September 1920

Even when Ambrose was young, he was a hellion . . . an absolute demon.

Father used to be quite tolerant of his rebellious streak, often encouraging him to carry on by praising what he referred to as Ambrose's "independent spirit."

Being the eldest, I had some control over Ambrose in the early years, but there came a time when no one could

keep him in check. He often acted impulsively. Yet, whenever he backed his action with even a modicum of thought, he could devise horrors unfathomable. He grew into wickedness as if it were his calling.

20 December 1920

As he does every couple of months or so, the constable dropped in to ask if we'd heard from Ambrose. Though our brother grew to be despised by us all, we are determined to keep this a private family matter. Even if I knew of his whereabouts, I wouldn't tell.

3 January 1921

Ambrose picked fights with almost every boy in our school, and after he'd beaten them all individually, he challenged them to gang up against him. He never lost a fight.

Once a traveling carnival came to town. Unbeknownst to father, we slipped out of our beds and went to the show. At the entrance, we went in different directions.

Lizbeth and Bethany spent the evening toying with Madame Mai-ling, a renowned fortuneteller. Aaron danced alone all night in the House of Mirrors. I followed Ambrose.

We entered the largest tent. Loud cheers erupted from the considerable audience surrounding a boxing ring as Thor the Magnificent sent challenger after challenger to the canvas, dispatching them with what seemed to me superhuman ease. Ambrose somehow convinced the ringmaster to let him have a go against Thor.

Laughter rained down on my brother as he slipped through the ropes. Even the vanquished challengers, the men at ringside with puffy eyes, loosened teeth and bloody gums, perked up and laughed at this absurd pairing. With a single

hooking punch, Ambrose knocked the unbeaten Thor off his feet and triggered a deathly silence amongst the onlookers.

The physician reported to my father that it wasn't Ambrose's punch that killed the carnival boxer as much as it was an accumulation of blows suffered over the course of a very long pugilistic career. After that night there weren't any more school fights—the other boys ran away whenever they crossed paths with my brother.

15 March 1921

Every now and again I hear of Ambrose sightings. The stories sound more like fantasy than fact. A drunken steredore once swore he saw my brother captaining a pirate galleon in the Indian Ocean. And Sedgewick, that lost soul of a lighthouse keeper, persists in his claim that Ambrose sails even now off our coastline.

Once, whispering in my ear as if to tell me a dark family secret, Sedgewick confided that Ambrose feeds off of the townspeople's sacrificial offerings—offerings that include goats and infants.



There was also the recent tale, told by an old coal merchant, who spied Ambrose striding across the northern pastures, towards the lighthouse. The only part

of the yarn that interests me is that
Ambrose was in the company of a
Trsanti pack. Other than the association
with those heathens, I can't find a wisp
of truth in the merchant's tale.

I can't say for certain that my brother is
dead, but I do know it would take much
to bring him back here.

11 April 1921

A maid saw a Trsanti stealing food
from the pantry. They've become bold.

Fortunately the thief didn't spy her or
the crime of theft would have surely turned
into that of murder.

1 August 1921

I rowed the skiff over to the Island of the Standing Stones. In my weakening condition, I don't know how much longer I'll be able to row myself. I grow tired of counting on the servants for everything, yet what else can I do?

I feel certain, familiar presences when I walk amongst the ancient monoliths. The wind whipped and howled and one venomous gust almost knocked me over. In the distance I heard what seemed to be a familiar name... "Ambrose"



13 October 1921

The doctor insists on more bloodletting. Does he think his efforts fool me into hoping for a cure? Little does he know. I comprehend the dire situation better than he'll ever realize. I tell him to leave me be—let me wither in peace—yet he persists in this treatment.

30 November 1921

Insanity has passed down through my family from generation to generation, striking Covenant sons and daughters like a hereditary curse.

Like any proud patriarch crowing over his offspring's accomplishments, father used to brag that the curse had stopped at his brood. At the time of his death, though, he must have known this wasn't true.

4 December 1921

The Trsanti have been haunting my memories and dreams of late. Other recollections of the war fade, yet that

night remains vivid. I can't shake the vision of their dark faces and the shadowy movements in the moonless night. I smell the dank unwashed odor of their clothing. And most of all I hear the whispers of their unfathomable tongue rising into a high pitched, frenzy-filled war cry. Finally, I remember the nothingness of the coma, and then waking with Galloway at my bedside.

I couldn't quite remember the final moments of the battle, but I could tell from Galloway's words that something extraordinary had taken place. He thanked me for saving his life and pledged a life debt. With conditions around here deteriorating, maybe the time has finally come to collect on his promise.

1 April 1922.

When Ambrose found father's body in the games room, he claimed it must have been a fall that did him in. Indeed, it must have been quite a fall to cause such a

gaping contusion. The wound was more suggestive of a powerful blow with a blunt object, like a club, or a log, or a billiards stick even.

It wasn't long after father's death that Ambrose mysteriously fled from the Estate.

12 June 1922

Thought dead, or at least as good as dead, for so long, Ambrose returned today to demand his inheritance. I was surprised, to say the least, at his reappearance, but not as surprised as he was when the constables arrived quickly on his heels. Indeed, the word spreads quickly when you're a wanted man.

It all happened so fast, but no sooner had my brother returned to the Estate, than he was gone again, and this time for good. He must have viewed the suicide leap from the cliffs as preferable to a lifetime in prison.

Now it's certain—I am the last Covenant.



23 October 1922

*My condition worsens and I'll soon be
wasted down to nothing. Hastening
toward the afterlife, and to the
inevitable family reunion, I fully realize
now that I do need assistance before my
time comes. Thus, the letter is sent. My
only hope is that Galloway answers in time.*



JEREMIAH

3 February 1919

Looking back on the tale of my life, I grasp for answers as I gasp for air. The story seems to change as I recount it, the details shifting as if alive. It's as if I've been walking down a familiar corridor and I see the doors to the rooms of my brothers and sisters. Yet, every time I open the door, something new appears.

But I can't help myself. I must write it all down. I must tell it all.

6 December 1919

I write in this journal partly out of habit and partly now to make some sense of the curse plaguing my family. If this scribbling helps me, or someone else, to understand the mystery, then it's worth the effort.

1 January 1920

In 1691, when my ancestors purchased this property, the only sign of habitation was the ancient monastery, and even then it was in ruins. My brothers and sisters used to play amongst the dilapidated walls, but I've never felt comfortable there.

7 March 1920

The physician warned I'd have periods of little or no appetite. It's not the hunger that troubles me as much as the burning nausea and bilious yellow-green expectoration. The apothecary's bilious remedies offer no respite.

15 May 1920

The Covenant family tree. I've studied it for years. Decay and disease course through our line from deepest root to uppermost branch. In certain ways, I consider myself fortunate—even this cancer is preferable to some strain of lingering dementia.

21 September 1920

Reopened by father in 1880, the Estate had been dormant for nearly sixty years, inhabited only by rats, insects, and the ghosts of forgotten ancestors.

Soon after returning the family to the Estate, father unearthed the Standing Stones. As this archeological hobby turned into his life's passion, and curious intrigue transformed into all-out obsession, father worked at nothing all day if it didn't lend itself toward penetrating the stones' cryptic symbolism.



27 December 1920

I received word from London that Bethany clings to Keisinger like a succubus. She's long sought after men of his nature—the self-proclaimed magi of our day. When she's taken all he has to offer, she'll spurn him, as she has all the others. It's easy to see what she wants with him, for his learning is vast and his powers formidable.

1 January 1921

Perhaps it was the blend of medication with champagne, but I had the most curious dream. I was in the smoking room, sitting in father's old chair. It was dark except for the glow of my pipe.

I struck a match to rekindle the bowl. In that flash of an instant when the flame shone brightest, I realized I was not alone.

Surrounded by my brothers and sisters and by creatures I could never dare to imagine while awake, I couldn't move from my chair. It was as if a spell rooted me to the chair's fabric. It was a dream so real I could smell it. At first, there was the sickly sweet aroma of Lizbeth's lilac perfume, and then I whiffed the chemical taint of Aaron's oils. Finally, I gagged on the unholty smell of charred and gangrenous flesh that was a thousand times worse than anything I'd encountered in the war. While I choked on the essence of death and dying, my

siblings and the other festering
abominations drew near, closing in about
me, suffocating me with their malodor,
and ripping my flesh with fingers and
fangs. When I awoke I prayed for an end
to this torment and for this disease to
bring a swift and merciful death.

16 January 1921

When I found the book in the library on
that cold morning over twenty years ago,
I don't know what led me to read its
mysterious contents. Nor do I know what
brought me to gather the others and lead
them to the Standing Stones to repeat the
incantation. Just a child's game, I've
always said. But, deep down, there must
have been something else, some other
presence that led me to the book and that
led us to the Island of the Standing
Stones.

3 February 1921

Eventually I told father about the ritual. He redoubled his efforts to unravel the mystery of the stones, but he never truly succeeded as far as I know. It was something that baffled him to his grave.

Shortly before his untimely death, father discovered a manuscript of obscure Celtic legends. In one tale, a king sacrifices himself to prevent his clan's extinction.

The immolation and burial of the Celt takes place on a misty island topped by a ring of monoliths. Father was convinced this legend related to our Standing Stones, though he never explained to me why he believed this so strongly. With his passing it became just another one of his unproven theories.

26 February 1921

A strange whispering noise disturbed my reading last night. Perhaps a maid whispering at me from the other side of

the door, I thought at first. Ready to scold, I crossed the room. When I got to the door, however, the whisper seemed to be coming from the opposite direction—yes, it seemed to be coming from outside the window. I carried a candle to the window and put it against the pane—nothing there.

In a dizzying matter of seconds, the sound grew into a voluminous wail, something akin to what you might hear inside a slaughterhouse if the cries of the butchered beasts were amplified to an unnatural reverberation. Amidst the din, I realized that it wasn't outside. No, the noise came from within my bedroom—it was all around me. Moreover, when I covered my ears, the howl only grew louder. I lay on my bed fully expecting—and indeed perhaps wishing for—this infernal sound to paralyze my brain or worse. As quickly as it materialized, the noise ceased, and eventually I slept

I dreamt of a dreary autumnal setting.
I can't recall many details of the vision
other than its brimming sense of bareness.
As I stood on a precipice, overwhelmed by
the suffocating despair of the place, I had
the distinct feeling that I wasn't alone.
Before I could confront my nightmare
demons, I woke in a feverish sweat.
Though I was quite alone in my bedroom,
the feeling that someone, or something,
was watching me did not disappear.

3 May 1921

Not even springtime lends brightness to
this place or lifts me from this abyss of
gloom. Though signs of rejuvenation are
littered throughout the land, I feel
nothing but a pervasive dampness. Trees
that lay dormant all winter long now
revive with newly infused greenery, and
hibernating creatures stir from their
season-long slumber. Yet, with this disease
marching through my core, this may well
be my last earthly spring.

21 June 1921

Three cups of tea and a piece of dry cake.
That's all the sustenance I could take
today.

13 September 1922

I know these painless periods won't last
long. The doctor buoy's me with hope, but
I've grown weary of his bedside cheer.
How much professional satisfaction can he
take in prolonging my life by a number of
ticks of the clock? As the ink dries on
the death certificate, he'll have a cigar and
pat himself on the back for giving me a
few superfluous pain-wracked seconds. I
wonder how he'll feel when he's the one
shivering on the examination slab? No
matter how you look at it, doctor, the
end—for all of us—draws near.

23 October 1922.

*My condition worsens and I'll soon be
wasted down to nothing. Hastening
toward the afterlife, and to the inevitable
family reunion. I fully realize now that I
do need assistance before my time comes.
Thus, the letter is sent. My only hope is
that Galloway answers in time.*



*Covenant Family Album Written by
Greg Roensch*

Designed by the Big Idea Group

Art by Jeff Haynie, Brian Horton

*Special Thanks to all who contributed
to the Family Album, including Clive
Barker, Brady Bell, Jon Galvan, Dave
Nash, Lincoln Hersherberger, Jillian
Goldberg, Ede Clarke, Genee Higgins,
Justin McLeod, Ben Smith, Adrienne
Rogers, John Burns, Larre Sterling*

INSTALL & GAMEPLAY GUIDE

*See the Install & Gameplay Guide
included with Clive Barker's UndyingTM
for the following information.*

- Installation and other technical
support information*
- Basic gameplay information*
- A complete list of Clive Barker's
Undying credits*

undying.ea.com

Software and Documentation © 2001
Electronic Arts Inc. Electronic Arts,
Undying, EA GAMES and the EA
GAMES logo are trademarks or registered
trademarks of Electronic Arts Inc. in the
U.S. and/or other countries. All rights
reserved. EA GAMES is an Electronic
Arts™ brand.

